



Arts 3



For 5

## J. David Miller

Went to see TNB's 'Man of La Mancha' last week. I found it to be quite well done, and that it captured the essence of Cervantes's book. The character created by this 16th century author, Don Quixote, was certainly a comic figure. Indeed, our language has adopted several words - quixotic, quixotically, quixotism - derived from this character's name which are used to describe what Webster calls "romantic and absurd notions."

Recently I heard of someone accusing another of behaving like Don Quixote. This can be interpreted as (at least) a half-hearted insult. But should it be?

Cervantes wrote his book in a time when life for the common people was her hard. The Spanish Inquisition was in full force, and was used by the establishment to put down dissidents. Under these conditions, ideals and other romantic notions can only be dreams, never to be realized. None the less, Cervantes maintained that they should be preserved and nurtured.

Life has taught me that to hold high ideals is rather foolish. Quixotic, indeed. Regardless, to aim at visionary ends and ideals seems to me to be the measure of a sentient being. Man claims to be a sentient being. Dreaming impossible dreams, trying to right unrightable wrongs, and following the Holy Grail of truth may be quixotic, but I feel them not wrong.

The Anglican tradition of the Judao-Christian ethic asks God to give us the strength to do those things which ought to be done, and moreover, to do them as we know they should be done.

At the Christening of UNBSJ's new research vessel, the 'Mary O', Dr. Anderson said a few things which are pertinent here. Paraphrasing Dr. David Suzuki, Dr. Anderson noted a phenomenon which is often seen in Canada, particularly in the Maritimes. It seems that we often strive for a bronze medal. Getting one is an honour, and there is no doubt that you'll get a pat on the back. Striving for and getting a gold medal is quite risky. People get made at you.

On a personal level, it seems that we should do what ought to be done, and do it as best as we know how. Standing up and having the courage to say "I think this is wrong", if we do, when we do. And being aware that excellence and courage are, paradoxically, risky.

Visited Hopewell Cape in Albert County this past Saturday. Most people in New Brunswick have, at one time or another, seen these imposing rock structures produced by the action of waves on sandstone. They look so fragile in some ways, like the very next wave will break them down.

In fact, it is the human animal which is transient, and the waves and sandstone will continue to interact and produce fantastic shapes long after any human observer dies.

Finally, some reflections from the social club often at luncheon Hogan's Heros appreciation group.

Imagine a tremendous roar as a Harrier jump-jet settles down within the beautiful vista of the MacKay promenade. A tall, long-haired individual climbs out of the plane, only to find a couple of security people wondering where the parking sticker is, and whether a student can park his 30 million dollar jump-jet on the grass. Scorched grass at that. In disgust, the Harrier is blasted off the campus, melting the blue security car in the process.

Brunswickan honoraria is presently being reviewed for the following positions:

- Editor-In-Chief
- News Editor
- Photo Editor
- Offset Editor
- Inside Editor

Comments should be forwarded to Geoff Worrell, c/o SRC office.

### CORRECTION

In Mugwump last week, Dr. John Anderson was referred to as a microbiologist. He is in fact an animal physiologist. Dr. Anderson did some of the first work on sub-lethal effects of DDT. In recent years he has done important work in the development of research facilities at the Huntsman Marine Laboratory, and the Aquaculture Station at UNB. Sorry for the mistake.

The vice president of the National Organization for Women sold out by male politicians on women's issues. Scott says, "Until says it is time for women to seriously consider starting a third party. Arlie Scott, speaking for herself and not her organization, says that women have time and again been done." (Newsprint)

## Candidates passed over?

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank everyone who voted for me. However I missed the elusive grapes and sour grapes will not do.

The purpose of this letter is to ask the Brunswickan for a student election-interview policy for the future. I am aware that some students were asked for interviews while others were passed over.

The Brunswickan is the primary medium for a candidate to present him or herself before the voting students. All candidates should be offered this platform. A lack of staff is no excuse. Equal treatment must be given to candidates because to do otherwise automatically assigns starting positions.

The Brunswickan is a major source of information for students and its selling power should not be underestimated. Student election coverage should be given the highest priority of the Brunswickan. Candidates are, by your own definition, not being apathetic, so support them.

P.S. I'm sorry Sue. You would have made an excellent Governor.

Your s truly  
David Bartlett BBA 4

Dear Mr. Bartlett:

I would like to point out that the Bruns DID NOT pass over anyone. I informed several people in the SRC that we would be conducting interviews in the Bruns office

Monday and Tuesday of election week. We conducted several interviews despite our shortage of

staff, and made special arrangements for those who contacted us personally and could not be interviewed on those 2 days.

Finally, Mr. Bartlett, is there something wrong with your feet or your hands? Why could you not have given us a call or dropped in?

As a student representative I would have thought you would keep informed. If you did not you have only yourself to blame.

Sheenagh Murphy  
Editor-In-Chief

## Stuck on red tape

Dear Editor:

I'd just like to do a little sounding off on your sound-off page. I mean it is okay by you institution-minded stuff-shirts if I liberate a few gripes? All you gals and dudes out there in UNB land that are making a habit of giving this here rag the weekly once-over, please take note. I'd like to let you all in on a wild experience I've just been through.

A few days ago, I decided to execute a simple little manoeuvre like withdrawing from university. I mean, UNB being the typical monetary munching machine it is, I couldn't quite scrounge up the required greenbacks to feed it. Hey, I'll admit it, my grades weren't really up to scratch either, besides I really couldn't relate to it very much (my degree program that is). Contrary to popular belief, I hadn't quite shuffled on over to academic probationville yet, but I was moving a little bit closer to the edge with each passing grade point. Well, you know, I sort of convinced myself that this would be just an excellent sort of time to grab the money and push on home to Ontario.

However, much to my dismay, I discovered it just isn't as easy as it seems to "boop-boop-boop out of the scene" at midterm. From October 16 to October 20, I was engaged in a week-long, high-speed, head-on collision with the fabulous fatmen from red tape city. And this is my wonderfully woven withdrawal tale.

I withdrew from residence on Monday and that entailed the general runaround of flagging down Dons and Proctors for signatures, having them inspect your broom closet of a room for damages, and posing the same old interrogative, "What's the scoop man? Puttin' the boots to this joint or what?" It's like running around in first gear all day when the little symbol on the shifter indicates you've got an overdrive up there somewhere.

So you hit the residence office to hang up the meal card for another year and toss the keys in for the ol' six buckaroo refund (buck-

aroonies, eh El?). So this is all well and good and generally bordering on perfection. Here I am in dire need of yer basic buck transfusion, exiled from the meal hall and technically without a place to park my butt when there's no place else to go. Well, I guess that since I'm gonna be dieting for awhile, I might as well start by not having any food at all. I'd buy a plane ticket to T.O. tomorrow, but Hartley and Sam are too busy counting my money to give it back to me for another two weeks. Or so the long tall Sal' at the business office tells me.

With barely enough time to contemplate the realm and scope of this entire undertaking, the business office re-directs you to the registrar's office to snap up a course withdrawal form. Which the Biz office advises you will be taken care of by the head of you department. So we're right smiles and chuckles as we pull into the pits to get gassed up and a change of rear rubber at the registrar's office. But wait, big bad "Reg" says you gotta do the circuit yourself and get all the Profs' autographs for your course withdrawals. After laying a little of that new rear rubber in "Reg's" office, you jump on the brakes and bring it down to zero awful quickly in front of your departmental office. They then inform you that they'll scoop up the autographs for you. So one person has told you one thing, another tells you something else, and a third one tells you what the first one told you. In the vibrantly varied vernacular, it's a vicious verbal circle.

Following a day that saw your Ford-powered Lotus reverse out of the hay several times, you finally realize that it's time to find someone who's on your side. A good friend of mine advised me to slide on down to the Dean of Students, Barry Thompson, to discuss this issue in further detail. A short chat on the blower with the right honourable Mr. Hartley Morehouse (the guy who holds my money and laughs at me) miraculously reduced the waiting period for my refund from two weeks to one day. Thank the Lord

there are still people like Mr. Thompson around. Thanks Barry.

Thursday afternoon, I decided to kill a bit of time by sitting on the floor of the business office. I was patiently awaiting the termination of Mr. Morehouse's two hour lunch break, so as I could obtain my tuition and residence refund. Several paperwork delays later, I was informed that, being a registered member of the student faculty with the necessary fees paid for, I had to prove that I actually gave them the money in the first place before they could give it back to me. Reeeeeeally. The Biz office was nice enough to get on the blower to the ol' book-bankstore to see if my cancelled registration cheque had crossed their dossiers, which of course, they had the nerve to say did not. It was just cruisin' past three p.m. eastern daylight time and therefore it was, like, too late to investigate the sitch at the bank. "Check it out tomorrow at the bank", the Biz office suggested. A long drawn out "Yaaaaaah" from yours truly.

Friday a.m., all drawn and pale after another barn-burner of a night in Jones house, I drag myself on over to the bankeroo to get my registration cheque which was rendered to myself without hassle or further obligation. Oh yaaah, Friday a.m., victory at last, the culmination of a weeks' worth of heavy tooth and nail action at the Biz office, I get my refund.

I sincerely and severely hope that this article has provided all of you with some entertaining reading, but my point is this. If you've been perusing thoughts of withdrawing halfway through the term - don't. Gather up all the bucks you can and party yourself to death, and don't come back after Christmas. Or, just have a real good time until the university physically picks you up and throws you out. Cutting out halfway through just isn't worth the hassle.

One who knows,  
Pete Henry  
Jones House